





Centennial
Biographic Sketch
OF
Charles Cowden-Clarke
BY
Her whom he made his
Second Self.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY NOVELLO, EWER & CO.
—
1887.

18 Kensington t 12-13

From Mrs. Gowden (Carke)
Dec: 5. 1887

EDWARDS

1-10

239151

Centennial Biographic Sketch

OF

Charles Cowden-Clarke

BY

HER WHOM HE MADE HIS
SECOND SELF.

PRINTED BY
NOVELLO, EWER & Co.,
LONDON, W.

B
C5974C

TO THOSE
WHO LOVED HIM, WHO LOVE HIS MEMORY,
AND WHO WOULD FAIN LEARN SOMETHING MORE OF HIS
INDIVIDUALITY,
THIS SKETCH OF
CHARLES COWDEN-CLARKE
IS DEDICATED BY

ONE WHO KNEW HIM TO HIS HEART'S CORE.

Un. Res. English



CENTENNIAL BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH

OF

CHARLES COWDEN-CLARKE.

A HUNDRED years ago, on the 15th December, 1787, in the sweet English village of Enfield, was born one of the brightest beams of human sunshine that ever illumined this earth. Cheerfulness was in himself and radiated on all those around him. A glad, eager spirit in an alert, healthful frame. His boyhood was active, spirited, social—most boyishly ready for sport and pastime—among boys, the most of a boy of them all. Cricket was his favourite game, and an ardent, skilful cricketer he was. Goldsmith's Burchell himself was not a more swift runner than he, and on one occasion, when an ill-looking fellow dogged his steps during a lonely night walk from London to Enfield, in the solitary road called the "Green Lanes," he set off and ran at such speed that he soon left the undesirable would-be accompanier furlongs behind him.

The surroundings amid which he was born were

eminently propitious for fostering his native cheer and alacrity. The lush-green meadows, the hedge-rowed and wild-flower-skirted lanes, the lively playground of his father's well-kept school, the daily companionship with eager schoolfellows, the neighbourhood of a few scholarly gentlemen (chief among them were Richard Warburton Lytton and Holt White), who took a strong liking to the bright boy, and whose invitations to him were naturally encouraged by his father—all combined to ripen in him the native vivacity and poetic ardour of his spirit. Moreover, the silver windings of the New River threaded almost every mead crossed by "the boys" in their daily walks and half-holiday rambles, so that bathing in the stream formed a frequent incident, adding health and vigour to limbs and body, robustness and freshness to heart and mind. On these occasions, a brisk scamper over the grassy turf, with the drying air as aid, were—as a point of honour among the youngsters—made to supersede the necessity of a towel, with which they would have scorned to provide themselves.

It was not perhaps so much from "set lessons" that this schoolmaster's son derived his store of knowledge and his large-thoughted predilections; he often found "lessons" a trouble and a check, when he longed to be out and away in the fields. In the open air he drew in mental as well as bodily energy. He had within him a passionate aspiration towards

literature—poetry especially—and towards the divine art of music. Often, when scarcely beyond childish years, he would look forth from a certain window which commanded a view of a clump of trees on a knoll at some little distance from the town, and indulge in fancies of forest adventures, with dragons, monsters, and dreadful giant-birds; of woods peopled by satyrs, fauns, nymphs, knights, and ladies; or of wonders in nature, in sky and sea, in far distant realms and regions. Then, too, his stripling years had the advantage of free access to Holt White's fine library, besides conversation with him and with the venerable Richard Warburton Lytton.

Charles, as an elder schoolboy, and, ultimately, as usher in his father's school, had congenial companionship and sharing of his poetical and musical aspirations in two little fellows who came there to be educated. One was John Keats, the other was Edward Holmes. Although in years their senior, in cheer and animation of spirit he was always their co-mate and friend. With Keats he would linger in the arbour at the south end of the school-garden, reading Spenser's "*Faërie Queene*," introducing him to "deep-browed Homer's pure serene," and to all the delights and delicacies and varied characteristics of verse, so eloquently and appreciatively described, so gratefully and lovingly ascribed to the initiatory guidance of his friend in the beautiful "*Epistle to Charles Cowden-*

Clarke." In the same poem allusion is made to "friend Charles's" musical recreations, which thrilled with pleasure not only the young poet, but the young musician; when Edward Holmes used to steal out of bed o' nights to listen to Charles's playing, or stand beneath the window of afternoons when school hours were over and Charles was amusing himself with the pianoforte; and when, finally, the boy confided his secret wish to become a musician, and learned his "first notes" from the friend he had long looked up to and listened to; the friend whom he soon surpassed in musical attainment, but whom he never ceased to admire, esteem, and love.

While still chief assistant in the Enfield school, Charles, with his father, became constant readers of the *Examiner* newspaper, conceiving warm admiration for its poet-editor, Leigh Hunt, so that when the marriage of his eldest sister to a gentleman who resided in London better enabled Charles to enjoy society there, he rejoiced in an opportunity that occurred of meeting Leigh Hunt at a party and becoming personally acquainted with a man even more fascinating, if possible, in himself than in his writings. When, soon after, Leigh Hunt was condemned to a two years' imprisonment in Horse-monger Lane Jail for a libel on the Prince Regent, the schoolmaster and his son were so hotly indignant and so full of sympathy for the poetic spirit confined

within prison walls, that the father heartily seconded the son's wish to convey a token of their interest, by sending a frequent basket of fresh vegetables and fruit from the Enfield garden to the London jail; and this tribute of cordial feeling so touched its recipient that he soon made closer intimacy with the sender, often welcoming his visits while in captivity, and forming an affectionate friendship that lasted till the end of their respective lives. Most naturally, the poesy-loving nature—that could surround itself with the graceful adornments of pictures, plaster-casts, bookshelves, and rose-trelliced papering to shut out the effect of dungeon-walls—greeted with delight the presence of a man, genial, receptive, responsive in all literary and artistic tastes; most naturally, the caged writer—so resolved to cultivate none but cheerful thoughts that he wrote “The Descent of Liberty” and began “The Story of Rinimi” as a resource against almost inevitable depression—hailed the coming of one innately cheerful, young-hearted, and bright in enthusiasm, who brought moral and mental sunshine into that “shady place.” There Charles met other intellectual sympathisers with the imprisoned poet, such as Thomas Moore, Barnes of the “*Times*” newspaper, and, by the time Leigh Hunt's period of durance had come to an end, another friendship had grown out of a similarity of interest in him. Vincent Novello was also a reader of the *Examiner*, a life-

subscriber from its very outset, and a staunch admirer of its liberty-loving editor; therefore, when Charles met him at the house of the sprightly and accomplished Henry Robertson (long treasurer of Covent Garden Theatre), a cordial attachment soon sprang up between the schoolmaster's son and the musician. A day or two after their first introduction to each other, chancing to come across Vincent Novello in the street, so easy and already familiar with him did Charles feel, that he asked him if he would have the kindness to write out a "separate accompaniment" to a copy of Purcell's song, "Full Fathom Five," which had just been bought, and which had merely the "figured bass" notes appended. The frank request, the as frank assent, were the commencement of an interchange of affectionate mutualities that endured to the end, and even resulted in a nearness and dearness of consociation that neither of the two had then the remotest idea would ensue. It was in the early days of their friendship, however, that Charles penned those gay, buoyant lines "to Vincent Novello," ending with the stanza:—

No! but whene'er I meet a fellow,
Whose heart seems of the good old breed;
Plain and uncourtly; and yet freed
From sour severity; and mellow
With deeds of love and gentleness, I'll bear him
My worship; and with pride declare him
"Friend!" and in my heart I'll wear him—
My heart of heart, as I do thee, "Novello!"

With his friend's children, the boy-hearted Charles Cowden-Clarke soon became a choice favourite. He first won the immediate gratitude and lasting favour of the eldest little girl—when he saw her at Leigh Hunt's cottage in the Vale of Health at Hampstead—by interceding with her parents to let her stay and spend a few days there and run about the Heath, instead of remaining there only for the single day's visit; he charmed the hearts of her next sister and herself by asking them to hem a set of handkerchiefs for him, and presenting to one little girl Charles Lamb's "Adventures of Ulysses"* and to the other Mary Lamb's "Mrs. Leicester's School"; and he engaged the younger brother Edward's fascinated regard, by returning with compound interest the terrible "faces" made at him from behind the cellarette, where the child used to ensconce himself when impersonating a fierce lion in his den.

These trifling incidents are purposely recorded, in direct confutation of the too-prevailing notion that such details are not worthy of finding place in biographies, and are therefore frequently "cut out" by

* This treasured gift, his first to her, is still in perfect preservation, with its inscription written in his own noble handwriting—"VICTORIA NOVELLO,

"From her sincere friend,

"Charles Cowden-Clarke.

"22nd February, 1819."

critical authorities ; whereas, surely, every minute touch that serves to elucidate character is not only worthy of preservation, but is absolutely interesting to readers who desire to know the individuality of the person whose life they are perusing. Now, inasmuch as this "biographic sketch" depicts the man of whom his friend, Leigh Hunt, wrote the line in the sonnet "To John Keats"—

And such a heart as Charles's, wise and warm,
yet who, at the same time, was what the same poet
designates as—

One of those spirits chosen by heaven to turn
The sunny side of things to human eyes,

it is advisable to show by seemingly slight but really significant points of narrative, as well as by more important incidents, how the wise, warm heart included the sunniness of nature.

The delightfully artistic and literary socialities at the Novellos' modest house in Oxford Street, overlooking Hyde Park (No. 240, where Vincent Novello himself as well as his elder children were born); the evenings of music on the lovely-toned chamber organ in the small drawing-room there, when Leigh Hunt, Keats, Shelley, Charles and Mary Lamb, Cristall, Havell, Varley were listeners; the animated but most simple suppers, where bread and cheese and celery, with Charles Lamb's immortalised "draught of true Lutheran beer," made their appearance on "the friendly supper-tray," which he describes with

such racy gusto in his "Chapter on Ears"; the tasteful yet uncostly adornments of flowered-chintz curtains and of grey drugget carpet bordered by an edge of grapes and vine-leaves, embroidered by the hostess herself—all intensely appreciated and shared in by the ever-welcome, bright-natured "Charles Clarke" (as he was then universally called), not only serve to denote his peculiar individuality, but also serve to show the style of unostentatious but most enjoyable entertainments then in vogue among men of letters, musical professors, and painters of pictures.

One of the charming inexpensive recreations allowed themselves and their young family by Vincent and Mary Novello was "a day in the fields," and, on these occasions, among the most gladly-hailed arrivals of invited guests, was sure to be gleeful-faced and gleeful-voiced Charles Clarke. At one of these pic-nic holidays—held in the pleasant "Hampstead fields," then existent on the slope of the hill and almost reaching down to the western end of Oxford Street—the Novello children, the Gliddon children, the Leigh Hunt children were all assembled and ready to begin their frolics on the grass; but something was felt to be wanting in completion of the hilarity of the day, while doubt was entertained whether Charles Clarke had duly received intimation and would "come"! At last he was spied in the distance; when uproarious were the shouts of joy with which he was met and

greeted and dragged into their at-once-commenced game of play—a boy still, though more than “of age.”

Constantly a welcome guest also was Charles at Leigh Hunt's cottage on Hampstead Heath; and it was here that he introduced his schoolfellow, John Keats, to the poet-host, who at once perceived the blossoming genius in the young aspirant. It was here that Charles was present when the two poets wrote their competitive composition, taking for subject “The Grasshopper and Cricket”; while he quietly watched the writers as they went on, eagerly delighted in his schoolmate's winning the race as to time, and still more rejoicing to witness the generosity with which each poet gave the palm of superiority to the other's poem when completed. Another introduction made by Charles at this period proved no less pleasant and permanent in its issue, for he presented his schoolmate, Edward Holmes, to Vincent Novello, who, with his usual frank and effective kindness, took the youth into his own house as a resident pupil for some years.

On the retirement of Charles's father from the Enfield school, the family went to live at the sea-side, choosing Ramsgate for their abode; but the son did not lose sight entirely of his London friends, as not only the Lambs, but Vincent Novello found him out there and renewed intimacy with their bright-natured friend. With Coleridge also he there made

acquaintance, introducing himself as a friend of Charles Lamb. That name and the geniality of accost met with prompt and equally genial response, so that the grand "talker" and the enraptured listener were soon on the easiest terms of familiarity with each other. Then, too, Leigh Hunt did not forget his sympathetically young-natured friend, for he asked Charles to contribute to a publication he was bringing out, called "The Literary Pocket-Book," and the result was "No. 1 of Walks round London" (describing favourite haunts near Enfield) and a small poem entitled "On visiting a beautiful little Dell near Margate," which appeared in 1820.

In the December of that year a dark cloud fell upon the sunlight of Charles's existence, from the death of his excellent and revered father; and, in the following February, it was farther shadowed over by the death of his admired friend and school-fellow, John Keats. As Charles's mother and younger sister went to reside in the West of England, Charles returned to London, endeavouring to obtain employment there, as he was now dependent entirely on his own resources, which were more than moderate in the way of income. A city friend procured him a clerkship in the Office of Works, Guildhall, "until he should get something better"; but nothing better ever came to him in the way of official employment, and he never became a rich man, though he also

never became other than a most cheerful, contented, nay, happy man.

Meantime, his friend Vincent Novello had left the small house in Oxford Street, had removed to a larger one (No. 8, Percy Street, Bedford Square), and again changed residence from London streets to a quiet old house and garden on Shacklewell Green, where his children could have freer space and purer air. Though living a very retired life with his books, his music, and his sedulously pursued professional avocations, Vincent Novello kept up his friendly relations with accomplished literary and artistic friends; and many were the delightful days spent there, when Mrs. Shelley and Mrs. Williams had returned young and beautiful widows from Italy, bringing letters from Leigh Hunt, who, with his family, was then residing there. Charming musical afternoons, and conversational evenings, and interchange of thought and fancy, were those in the Novello homestead of that day, to which Charles Cowden-Clarke largely contributed by his ever-acceptable bright presence. His old school-fellow, Edward Holmes, was an established inmate there, and his lively friend, Henry Robertson, was often the companion of Charles's walks down to Shacklewell from town, to join in the music with their singing help; for they both of them had voices and capacity for taking either a tenor or a baritone part, as might be required, in the various madrigals or

Mozartean operas that were most frequently performed in that choice musical circle. But not only vocal treats were there: animated discussions of poetry, of rare old books, of "last new" books, besides graver arguments on highest subjects, and even lightest raillery with playfulest rejoinder and repartee, found place among these congenial friends; for one of the main objects that influenced them all was to cheer and enliven Mary Shelley and Jane Williams, so as to make English mirth and cordiality of reception smooth, as far as possible, the keenness of late Italian loss. The two fair ladies lent themselves with all gentleness to the friendly endeavour—enjoying the music with heartiest zest, joining in eager talk with eagerness, and entering into the spirit of occasional banter with right womanly vivacity. One of these bouts of bandied jests had for their object Charles Clarke, whom Edward Holmes, Mrs. Shelley, and Mrs. Williams took it into their heads to rally on the subject of his dress, which consisted—according to a then existing fashion—of close-fitting "tights," dainty silk stockings, and neat shoes, or "pumps," as they were at that time called. The three merciless tormentors set candles on the floor round the to-be-teased Charles, pelting him with thick-coming jests at his dandy attire, girding at its "all-powerful charms," and stabbing him with pointed flings of speech and jeering laughter, all of which he bore with an invincible good humour and

smiling sweet temper perfectly his own, that won him, more than ever, their affectionate liking.

When his friend Vincent Novello's eldest daughter, Mary Victoria, tried to begin earning somewhat by way of contribution to the family income as a governess, Charles brightened the few months of her pursuing this avocation by constantly bringing her books, coming to see her at as short intervals as he thought her employers would consider discreet, bringing her welcome news of her dear ones at home, and casting rays of sunshine that were partly reflected from them, and partly beamed from his own genial face, voice, and talk. These "employers" were always very indulgent to their young governess (who was but two years older than her eldest pupil), not only favouring the visits from her father's friend with loans of books, but giving her the key of their own book-case, with leave to take for perusal what volumes she chose.

It was about this period that Charles was engaged on the *Atlas* newspaper to write the articles on Fine Arts; and soon after his own engagement there he obtained for his friend and school-fellow, Edward Holmes, the appointment to write the Musical Articles for that periodical. This inspired and enabled Charles, by the privilege of "press orders," to carry out the idea of inviting Mrs. Novello to meet her eldest daughter at his bachelor quarters in town, and go with him to hear the new opera

("Oberon") which Carl Maria von Weber had been commissioned to compose for Covent Garden Theatre, and which was to be conducted by the composer himself. A memorable evening! The sun shone through the green Venetian blinds of the small room where mother, daughter, and friend met; propped up on a table was a newly bought engraving of Raphael's "School of Athens," which was proudly displayed to his guests by their entertainer, who little thought that beside him was a girlish heart throbbing with its first consciousness of having given itself to him. However this might be, his charm of cheerfulness had never been more vividly felt by his visitors. So young in spirits, so elastic in bearing was he, that he seemed full two decades under the years he had attained; and though considerably beyond thirty then, he had only a few months before written his gloriously effusive "Hymn to God," in which he offers up "gratitude and joy for *youth* and mirth and health."

Her parents, finding the tuition of five children too much for their daughter's health and strength, removed her from the situation she held, and took her with some of her brothers and sisters for change to sea air in a lovely rural spot near Hastings during the summer, and in the autumn of that year she became engaged to Charles Cowden-Clarke, though the marriage did not take place until two years after, when she had just attained the age of

nineteen. As a striking contrast with the more elaborate weddings of the present day, it may be interesting to record the extreme simplicity of a wedding then. Her father and mother were the only persons who went early one bright summer morning—5th July, 1828—with their daughter to St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, when she married the man of her heart, whom they also entirely loved and esteemed. A couple of milkmaids were sole observers of the small wedding party that went up the flight of steps; whispering "That's the bride," as the young girl, in a simple white satin "cottage bonnet" and a white muslin frock—both made by her own hands—passed near. On return home, her younger sisters had prepared the wedding breakfast; and on each plate there lay a little gift to each of her brothers and sisters, provided by the kind and thoughtful mother, as a remembrance from the bride. Arm-in-arm the new-married pair quietly walked from the house (to which the Novello family had removed) in Great Queen Street to the "Bell Inn," in Holborn, where they took the stage-coach to Edmonton, the wedding dress having been exchanged for a less noticeable straw bonnet and plainer white frock. During the walk, in his usual gay-hearted way, Charles laughingly told his new-made wife a story of a bridegroom, whose first speech to his spouse after the ceremony was: "Hitherto, Madam, I have been your slave; now

you are mine." At Edmonton they left the coach and took their way across the fields between there and Enfield, Charles making his native village the scene of his honeymoon. At a modest hostelry, called the "Greyhound," kept by an old man and his daughter, and boasting two pretty rooms, one of which looked out upon the fine old tree in the centre of Enfield Green, and the other a cottagey, white-curtained chamber, with a window screened by a green vine, the couple housed happily for some weeks; * lingering among the nooks most associated with John Keats, Charles showing her the row of oaks planted by his father and himself on the skirts of a certain beautiful meadow; rambling over the fields between Enfield and Southgate, pointing out one at Winchmore Hill, where he had been attacked by a huge hornet that darted from the eaves of a barn and stung him without provocation; strolling as far as White Webbs, Ponder's End, Northaw, Cheshunt, with the huge immemorially-old oak; Theobald's Park, with its historic associations; or wandering over the equally historic Enfield Chase, and indicating the precise spot whereon the

* Bringing upon themselves the affectionately playful rebuke of Charles Lamb, in a letter he wrote to C. C.-C., complaining that "'Twas stealing a match before one's face in earnest," as though, living quite near, at Chase Side, Enfield, the writer and his sister "had not a dream of your propinquity." [See "RECOLLECTIONS OF WRITERS," page 164, where this letter of Lamb's is given in full.]

memorable cricket matches took place. So little changed was Charles in boyish looks, that he was often saluted by the villagers (then respectable tradesfolk standing at their shop doors; but who remembered him when he was a lad, as they had been and had met on the cricket-field), with the exclamation:—"Ah, *Master Charley*! glad to see you again!"

On their return to town, the wedded pair were welcomed home by those who were now parents to both, and who, with loving generosity, made the family house their home ever after. For Charles's revenue was more than modest—it was scant—though he set to work with a will, and refused no writing employment that promised remuneration, however small, or that was ever so uncongenial to his tastes. In addition to his engagement on the *Atlas* newspaper, he obtained one on the *Examiner* newspaper, to write the theatrical notices and articles. This brought pleasant opportunities of frequent dramatic entertainment, for both Charles and his wife were extremely fond of "going to the play"; and though they had to trudge on foot, since they could not afford cab-hire, they mightily enjoyed seeing all the new pieces, which frequently implied going to more than one theatre in one evening; hastening, mayhap, from a first representation of a comedy, tragedy, or opera at Drury Lane or Covent Garden, to a first night of a farce or after-piece at

the Haymarket or Lyceum. But not only did Charles gladly fulfil this occupation, he also cheerfully accepted an offer to edit and write in a certain periodical entitled the *Repertory of Patent Inventions*, dry in its subject and utterly uninteresting to him. So strongly was this felt, that his undertaking the work was ground for incessant joking and laughter in the family circle. In the first place, no one of them ever cared to read it; and great was the hilarity when, on sending a copy to his mother in the West of England, Charles received a letter from her to beg he would not take the trouble to do so, as she never looked into it by any chance! The home amusement was brought to a climax by an incident that occurred in connection with this luckless *Repertory*. Its editor ventured to entertain himself by writing an article on a new improvement in a certain manufacture—it may have been cannon balls, or leaden pipes, or brass buttons—in a very lively and half-jocose style; and when this article appeared, its author received a gravely expostulatory letter from “A Constant Reader” (who, by the way, signed himself “Fairy,” of all names in the world!), sternly rebuking Charles for having written in so *light* a style on so important a topic!!

As a charming counter-balance to the dusty, sapless drudgery of toiling at the *Repertory of Patent Inventions*—for such it was to him, though

he turned it into jest while doing his duty conscientiously by it—Charles had the gratification of being asked by Leigh Hunt to contribute to his *Tatler* and his *London Journal*; for which were written many graceful and lively papers, chiefly operative or dramatic. He also beguiled his time and earned some money by filling up his leisure hours with writing a tasteful boys' book, called "Adam, the Gardener," "Tales from Chaucer," and "Nyren's Cricketers' Guide," which last work consisted of putting into readable form the recollections of a fine stalwart old friend, who had been a famous cricketer in his youth and manhood. Every guinea Charles gained he brought to his wife, and confided to her, from first to last, the entire management of whatever money they earned. No hour in the twenty-four was spent away from her, whom he liked to have always with him. The mornings were spent at their writing-table, where, on either side of his chair, lay nestled on the floor, as quiet as mice, his wife's two youngest sisters—then mere children—with slates, maps, and books piled up around them, preparing lessons for him, as he undertook to teach the little girls arithmetic, spelling, grammar, geography, &c. Meals were taken merrily together in the general domestic circle; Vincent Novello's "Thanks be to God" (a composition in strict canon) and his "Thanksgiving after enjoyment" (for four voices) being daily sung by the family as grace before and

after meat. Charles's song of "Old May Morning,"* set to music by his father-in-law, was also invariably sung by them for several years on the return of each appropriate anniversary. The afternoons were generally dedicated to a walk in the open air; and the evenings brought the aforesaid visits to theatres, where Charles and his wife frequently met his then fellow-critic, the admirable essayist, William Hazlitt. One incident connected with these play-going times may here be recorded as strikingly characteristic of Charles's disposition, and as clearly showing the effect of his bright face and genial appearance. It chanced that on proceeding down the street adjoining Covent Garden Theatre, a passing carriage nearly ran over a child, who rashly ran across the way almost beneath the horses' feet. A woman who sold play-bills dashed forward at the risk of her life and rescued the child, though belying her Christian deed by a loud unchristian oath. The noble nature visible beneath the crust of gutter-breeding won Charles's immediate sympathy, and he crossed over to express it by cordial words and a gift, in addition to his prompt purchase of a play-bill for the evening. For many an evening afterwards did this woman hail Charles and his wife on their approach to the theatre, and, exchanging a recognising smile with his greeting one, supply him with one of her penny wares, "a bill of the play."

* The Prize Glee at Manchester in 1832.

As belonging to this period of his early married life should be noted a delightful week's visit paid by Charles and his wife to dear and honoured Charles and Mary Lamb at Chase Side, Enfield, by their invitation and by way of atonement for having "lurked at the 'Greyhound'" during the honeymoon season. A fuller description than can be given here of this delightful visit may be found in Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke's "Recollections of Writers," from page 158 to 175.

Among the recreations indulged in by Charles and his wife was an occasional "day in the fields"; one particularly remembered was a midsummer holiday, spent gipsy fashion under a hedge in a meadow, between Hampstead and Hendon, "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve," in luxuriant idleness, stretched on the grass, enjoying the rural prospect, reading a page or two of poetry, munching a few prudently-brought sandwiches, with good grave talk or playful talk, as the case might be, between whiles. Another well-remembered one was a *walk* all the way to Enfield, through Highbury, by Hornseywood House, and so along the lovely country by-road, called the "Green Lanes," to the "Greyhound," where rest, and coolness, and appetising refection were fully enjoyed by the pedestrians, who had started from London at an early hour. A fortnight's stay at a pretty ivy-covered cottage on Highgate Hill, and a four days' stay at a pleasant country inn at

Dorking, when over-worked and needing healthful air and repose, likewise hold place among the memories of those times. The reason of this latter being restricted to a "four days' stay" was the fear lest their finances should not suffice for a longer sojourn; though there was great temptation to linger, as they found that the exquisite Surrey district would have afforded "a fresh walk" for every day, even could they have remained there a whole month.

Surpassingly delightful entertainment existed for them in the choice musical parties given by Vincent Novello; a signally memorable one is narrated at pages 36 and 37 of "The Life and Labours of Vincent Novello."

Charles, in marrying a woman he loved, and who loved him with the deepest affection—an affection made up of esteem, admiration, and passionate personal liking—had also married a family, every member of which was intensely dear to him; they, in turn, finding cheerful companionship, refined sociality, and never-failing sympathy in him, who took liveliest interest in each of them, and in all their several talents and pursuits. He felt pride as well as pleasure from Alfred's practical good sense and business aptitude—entering into his plans, seconding his views at outset, and eventually "keeping his books" for him; in Edward's genius for drawing and painting, helping him to select picturesque and poetic subjects for his pencil or brush; in

Cecilia's, Clara's, and Sabilla's beautiful voices and musical skill, all of them, in early days, devoted to the enjoyment of this happy and united homestead, Charles's own sunny temperament and agreeable tenor voice aiding the general harmony.

One of the sources of mirth among them at this time, and for a long while afterwards, was from the multitudinous gift-purses made for him and presented to him by admiring young lady friends. It was before the fashion came in of *porte-monnaies*, silk purses being then "your only wear." Silken purses, long, elastic, and largely capacious, were knitted for him of every colour of the rainbow, and with every diversity of gilt, ivory, or steel beads, rings, and tassels. It was like a perpetual irony, this donation of purses to a man who had little or no money to put into them. For, though rich in bliss, he was poor in pelf. But he always had a remarkable indifference to money, as money; and, in the one of these numerous purses for the time being in use, he would put a shilling or two for any unforeseen need, though mostly allowing them to tarnish and grow shiny from pocket friction ere finding any occasion for spending them.

It is true that dearth of money as well as abundance of money may prove a source of joyful feeling; for once, when their loving mother, Mary Novello, was very ill and thought she might never recover, she called her dear Charles and his wife to her bed-

side, bade them bring her the little red account-book in which their memoranda were kept of the modest sums paid to the parent fund for board and lodging, telling them that their father and she had agreed to *cancel* whatever arrears of debt might be there entered, and they would thenceforth "start afresh."

"Poor and content is rich, and rich enough," says our wise Shakespeare; and no man ever verified more fully the truth of this saying than Charles Cowden-Clarke. As an instance in point: he and his wife were seated on the outside of a stage-coach which ran from the White Horse Cellar to Henley-on-Thames, taking their way for a visit to a pleasant village near there yclept Pinkney's Green, where his elder sister, with her husband and family, dwelt in a pretty house surrounded by orchard, paddock, and garden. As the stage-coach rattled along Piccadilly and passed by Cambridge House, Charles laughingly exclaimed, "Here am I, with but half-a-crown in my pocket; yet I wouldn't change places with my lord duke!"

These visits to Pinkney's Green, of which there were several, formed especially gay country holidays; for "Uncle Charley" was always hailed by a troop of gallant boy-nephews, who found him as true a boy as themselves. Nutting and blackberrying in the sweet Berkshire woods, long rambles through the neighbouring beautiful Berkshire scenery, were partaken of with heartiest zest. Charles and his wife

were stout walkers then ; and, on one occasion, they returned from Pinkney's Green *on foot* as far as Slough, where they had a bread and cheese lunch and rested until a stage-coach passed along the Great Western Road, and conveyed them the remainder of the way to London. He had a light figure and an alert step, which stood him in good stead as a pedestrian, and which he retained even to advanced age. He possessed, in a remarkable degree, an untiring power of reading aloud ; while his speaking-voice was so full, flexible, and varied in intonation, that it admirably fitted him for addressing a large audience. These peculiar gifts suggested to his wife the idea that he would make an excellent lecturer ; and in talking it over together (as usual, pleased to consult with her) he adopted her idea, and immediately began preparing a few lectures on his favourite poetic subjects, while forming plans for endeavouring to procure engagements for their delivery. His first public lecture was given at the Royston Mechanics' Institution, in February, 1835 ; and he at once stepped into popularity. The very first evening he was received with enthusiasm by his audience, and, according to his ordinary wont, immediately won the hearts of the *children* of his engager. This was the intellectually-endowed and kind-hearted Thomas Pickering, who became his warm and constant friend. The children vied with each other who should carry the lecture-book, who should walk

nearest beside him to the lecture-room, who should prepare his bread and butter for breakfast next morning, who should gather the sage-leaves which they found he liked to have between the slices, while quoting to these children of a classic-read father the Latin proverb: "*Cur moriatur homo cui salvia crescit in horto.*" This youthful-natured faculty of rendering himself an immediate favourite with youngsters Charles ever retained; and when, later on, he lectured for twenty successive years (drawing the largest audiences excepting those to the musical lectures) at the London Institution in Finsbury Circus, he used to be petted and fondled by the three little daughters of one of its managers, Edward Greenaway, whenever (as was often the case) he dined at his hospitable house in River Terrace. Nothing less than dressing up "Clarkey," as they invariably called him, with a table-napkin tied over his head and one tucked under his chin, while the three plied him with alternate spoonfuls of fruit tart and custard pudding, would serve their babyships' purpose. Then they would drag him between them to the piano in the drawing-room, and make him sing his favourite comic songs—Canning's "University of Gottingen," Hood's "Faithless Nelly Gray," and "The Ghost of Mr. Brown," besides a certain "Jolly Fat Friar," author unknown. In token of the extreme fascination his genial face had for children, may be cited one instance, when the niece and god-

child of his wife was looking up at him with such earnestness as to make him say: "Well, what do you want, you blessed little creature?" She replied: "I'm only doating up at you, Clarkey."

None of these "trivial fond records" seem too trivial or too fond for the biography of one whose life was composed of simplest felicities and truest loving-kindness. In connection with these London Institution lecturings there was another of those passing street-intimacies which blithe-spirited Charles loved to cultivate. When traversing Smithfield on his way to Finsbury, he chanced to catch the eye of a woman who was laughing cheerily as she dispensed some of the store of whelks and periwinkles from the heap on her stall; and as she glanced into the cab (for he was able to afford a cab in those days), she saw his bright face and its smiling expression, then nodded at him, and he at her. This nod was ever after exchanged whenever he drove that way.

But far more important and solid advantages—though, perhaps, scarcely more pleasant incidents—grew out of these lecture-giving times. They brought Charles into consociation with most superiorly gifted men (some of whom became life-long friends); they won him affectionate liking and applause from admiring audiences; they afforded him healthful change of air and scene; and they gained him considerable addition to his earnings. In London,

his wife never once missed being present at his lectures ; and even when he lectured in the provinces, she at first accompanied him on his journeys ; but finding that this took the butter off the bread of their receipts, they agreed to forego this pleasure, and to content themselves with that of her seeing him off at the stations—better still, her meeting him there on his return home. Moreover, they found a consoling joy in the exchange of daily (often bi-daily) letters to each other. His were so confiding, so trustful, so outpouring, as to be, above all, “love-letters” ; but they were also minute in description of the delightful persons at whose houses he was hospitably made welcome, or whom he met at social gatherings there—parties given in his honour—or who came up to him in the lecture-room after the evening’s entertainment with courteous expressions of hearty approval. Amongst these, prominently conspicuous, may be instanced : G. J. de Wilde, of Northampton ; Alexander Ireland and Harry Barry Peacock, of Manchester ; Dr. Beddoes Peacock, of Darlington ; Dr. William Smith, Sheriff Gordon, Lord Murray, and Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh ; James Lamb, of Paisley ; Dr. Heaton, of Leeds ; Wm. B. Hodgson, of Liverpool ; and fine-hearted, fine-headed Sam. Timmins (as he prefers being styled), of Birmingham, still lovingly attached to Charles’s memory. No better idea of the style and delivery as well as of the effect produced by Cowden-

Clarke's lecturing can be conveyed than by quoting this last-named friend's eloquent words on the subject. These are they:—

“He began the great work of his life—the public lectures on Shakespeare and other dramatists and poets—which made his name throughout Great Britain, and secured him crowded and delighted audiences. His lecturing career commenced at a period when Mechanics' Institutions were waning in interest, and a demand was growing for lectures of a more literary and attractive character than merely scientific lectures, even with many experiments and demonstrations, could supply. The lecture-room was just beginning to be the school-house of the middle classes, whose education had been imperfect, but who had acquired the desire to learn more. Such a demand Cowden-Clarke was especially qualified to supply, and his lectures soon became the great attractions at ‘Athenæum,’ and ‘Institute,’ and ‘Lecture-Hall’ all through the land. His lectures were really ‘lectures,’ read from manuscript, most carefully prepared, and splendidly and clearly written in the old style ‘round-hand’ which Lamb admired. They were not, however, merely ‘read’; but every word was given with such earnestness and force that every hearer caught the enthusiasm of the lecturer and was led to go home and read more. As a lecturer, Cowden-Clarke had very special qualifications. He had a pleasant, cheerful, ruddy

face, a charming humour of expression, a clear, pleasant voice, and a heartiness and drollness of manner which won the audience as soon as he appeared. His were careful essays, the result of long and patient study, full of acute and subtle criticism, and always throwing new lights on the subject in hand. The expectations of his audience were aroused, and they were never disappointed. His good taste secured audiences who never entered a theatre, and to whom the drama generally was a sealed book. He lectured on Shakespeare—his Fools, his Clowns, his Kings, on special characters, or plays ; and every library soon found an increased demand for Shakespeare's works, and new editions were soon forthcoming. It is no exaggeration to say that very much of the increased interest in Shakespeare among English readers is to be traced to the lectures of Charles Cowden-Clarke. One of his hearers once hit the secret of his success :—‘ You like what you are talking about, and therefore you make your hearers like it too.’

“ Throughout Great Britain he was ever welcome, and his loss as a lecturer was never fully made up, for he combined so many attractions of subject, style, treatment, personation, and humour, as are very rarely found united in one person. While his analysis of dramatic characters was masterly and searching, and his touches of pathos delicately suggestive, the full force of his delineations came out

in his representation of comic characters from Shakespeare and Moliere, especially. He was not a mere rhetorician, elocutionist, or actor. He never attempted to personate the characters, but only to read with such interest and power as to realise the very 'form and fashion' of each. He was, in fact, as dramatically successful as a 'reader' of the highest class as Dickens when reading his own stories; and Cowden-Clarke's range was wider, and his characters more varied."

The above allusion to his handwriting fitly ushers in more express description of its peculiarities. It may truly be called magnificent; so bold, free, clear, finely shaped, thoroughly legible it was, that he himself could better read from it than from print, and he invariably did so in public, all his lectures being delivered from his own superb manuscript. He delighted in the constant exercise of this accomplishment, and even his casual notes and slight memoranda were extremely neat and distinct, however minute or hastily made. He took careful copies of every work he himself wrote, of every one he and his wife wrote together, and of every one (with the exception, of course, of the "Concordance," the manuscript of which required five pounds sterling worth of writing paper) that she separately wrote; so that the printers had reason to bless his hand for the pains it spared them in deciphering the manuscripts, and for the wear of

eyesight from which it saved them. Some idea of the amount of writing he willingly undertook may be gathered from the fact that the 14,533 Notes in his and his wife's "Annotated Edition of Shakespeare" were all beautifully copied out by him for sending to the printers, and an equally fair copy was also made by him of the elaborate "Shakespeare Key," for keeping to correct by when the original copy was printed from. As an instance of his particularity with respect to neat, clear handwriting, it may be recorded that when he undertook to keep his brother-in-law Alfred Novello's ledgers, and lecturing caused Charles's temporary absence from town, he constituted his wife his deputy book-keeper; but with the strict understanding that she was only to make the "entries," and not to think of writing the *headings* in the ledger, as he prided himself on their unimpeachable perfection of caligraphy. Here again arises occasion to note the affectionate unity that bound the whole family together in lovingest sympathy; for although Charles acted as clerk, and went regularly to the Music Warehouse every day, yet when he wanted time for provincial lecture engagements, which brought him extra money, many weeks, at intervals, were allowed him for the purpose. Incidentally may be mentioned that Charles wrote "Short Hand" with facility; many portions of his letters to his wife, as well as several of his private memoranda and entries in

his Diary, having been written in that convenient character.

Meanwhile Charles's pen was not idle in other literary work beside lectures. He wrote "The Musician about Town," and an Eastern Tale, called "Gentleness is Power ; or, the Story of Caranza and Aborzuf," for the *Analyst Magazine* ; a "Prefatory Address" and "Memoir of a Chorus-singer," for *The Music-Seller* ; articles on "The Alps and Italy," and on "Jenny Lind, in Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*," for the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, and an article on Macready's *Hamlet* for the *Manchester Guardian*.

The article on "The Alps and Italy" was written as a reminiscence of a charming month's trip taken in 1847 by Charles, his wife, her parents, a brother, and two sisters—a family party of seven—*viâ* Germany and Switzerland to Milan and Venice, and back through France. This was their first glimpse of Italian and Swiss scenery, and though but a glimpse (their several avocations permitting no longer absence from England then), it was intensely enjoyed by the *Nous sommes sept* travellers, as they styled themselves, and who always afterwards alluded to it as their *Nous sommes sept* journey. It was in Venice that the four-part music books, prepared by Vincent Novello, came into full use, when the *sept* glided about in their gondola, choosing the quietest and least frequented canals for the indulgence of their vocal harmony.

About this period was written Charles's "Riches of Chaucer," although the book was not published until 1855, and before that year many changes and some great sorrows had taken place. In 1848 Mrs. Novello's health gave way, and she was counselled to live in the South of Europe. She chose Nice for her abode, and there, with her husband and youngest daughter, she dwelt for six years, enjoying occasional visits from her other children whenever their professional avocations allowed them the pleasure of a sojourn with her there. Charles, his wife, and their brother Alfred, who had a "trihominate" home together at Bayswater, annually went over to Nice in the Long Vacation season for a month or two with their parents in their (then Italian) domicile. Though the partial break up of the English family home by the absence of its chief members was deeply felt, yet the "trihominate" contrived to make a bright little narrowed existence, even as it was. The daily walks of the two men through Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park to business in Dean Street was always made a source of pleasure by having their woman-associate with them, while their return over the same ground each evening was constituted a joy to all three, by her meeting her husband and brother on the way, and accompanying them back. When the dinner-hour was first fixed, she told them she did not care "how late" it was appointed, so that

they could return home in time for its being eaten, "all three together"—and thus eaten it always was.

Charles's fashion of having "nodding acquaintance" with certain street favourites did not fail him now, for whenever he went down to the bank to pay in money for brother Alfred, he used to interchange greetings with a certain Irish apple-woman at her stall, who once—with the genuine humour of her country, when he condoled with her on suffering rheumatic twinges, and confessed to experiencing some himself—looked up into his cheerily young, but obviously middle-aged face, and gravely assured him "It's only the *growing pains!*" Another of his frequently encountered street friends was a little Irish fish-woman, with her basket on her head, whom he used to meet on her road from Billingsgate westward, trotting along steadily, and only halting to drop a momentary curtsy, as she caught sight of his passing countenance, that beamed recognitory smiles.

Never was man who "took joyful note of joyful things" more thoroughly than he did. Moreover, he had imagination and feeling enough to see "Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt," if there were loving expression in the eyes that met his look, for, with all his gaiety of heart and cheerfulness of temperament, he had a fund of tenderness and grave depth of sentiment that made him susceptible of profoundest emotion. In the year 1853 he lost his

own venerable mother, and 1854 brought death to his admirable mother-in-law ; both griefs being sincerely and poignantly felt by him, though borne with uncomplaining submission and outward tranquillity.

In 1856 it was agreed by the " trihominatè " that they also would remove abroad, as brother Alfred's health and sight were beginning to feel the strain of over work and over anxiety in business ; therefore they resolved to join their father and youngest sister in Nice, where, too, their sister Clara and her husband and family had a villa, near the one tenanted by the Novellos. This final year in England was marked for Charles by several memorable circumstances. He gave farewell courses at most of his favourite lecturing localities ; at Guildford, at the London Institution, at Bristol, Wolverhampton, Reigate, Mitcham, Leeds, Bradford, Edinburgh, Arbroath, Wakefield, Vale of Leven, Paisley, Plymouth, North Tawton, Exeter, Bridgwater, Birmingham, Camden Institution, Coventry, Greenwich, Royston, Manchester, and Northampton. At Edinburgh he gave his course on Molière, which was so rapturously received that the committee paid him the high compliment of assuring him that if he would promise to return from abroad and lecture at their Philosophical Institution, they would give him his own time for another course, setting aside their usual season-rules in his favour. At Northampton he gave his last lecture delivered in England, the

closing one on Moliere, when his friend De Wilde, and his friendly audience there, took leave of him with positively personal affection.

One fine May morning that year, when he left London for a course of lectures on Shakespeare at Coventry, his wife saw him off at the station, and then walked on as far as Shacklewell, the scene of their courtship days, that she might relieve the sense of his departure, and that she might bid adieu to this one among their many old English well-beloved spots associated with happiest memories. Another gentle leave-taking was enjoyed together, when he and his wife spent the twenty-eighth anniversary of their wedding-day at their old honeymoon quarters in his native Enfield. Other loving farewell visits were to friends, when Charles's spirit of cheerfulness had much ado to preserve itself undimmed by the hope of future meeting amid the pain of present parting. One of the most interesting was that to dear Leigh Hunt, described at full in our "Recollections of Writers," p. 263; while the poet's appreciation of Charles's evergreen nature was expressed in a valedictory letter, written the day after that visit, in which Leigh Hunt speaks of Charles as "one who seems to possess the veritable privilege of growing younger with time."*

* This valedictory letter may be found quoted entire in "A descriptive sketch of Leigh Hunt, by Mary Cowden-Clarke," that appeared in *The Century Magazine* for March, 1882.

Amplly was this estimate of his friend's peculiar characteristic borne out, even long afterwards ; for on repairing to a southern climate, Charles kept up all his energetic juvenile habits ; taking a daily shower-bath of a morning, an occasional dip in the sea, long walks in the beautiful Nice neighbourhood, and working away " with a will " at literary productions, which always had keen zest and interest for him. Once more he and his wife were inseparable companions, for no longer did lecture-touring take him away from home. In lieu of this, he gave lectures to a social circle in the pretty cottage-parlour there, by request of friends ; and for several Christmases he maintained an old-established custom of reading one of these lectures while the family party stoned raisins, blanched almonds, cut up candied fruits, &c., in preparation for the still-made English Christmas plum-pudding ; but else, the delivery of lectures was a " thing of the past " ; and he gladly dedicated his now comparatively leisure time to bringing them out in book form, to satisfy the wish of many persons who desired to possess these sterling essays in permanent preservation. He also edited the text of Nichol's " Library Edition of the British Poets " ; besides planning, in concert with his wife, several works written and published later on. Never was masculine prerogative of superiority more completely merged in a generous principle of conjugal equality than by Charles Cowden-Clarke. When he asked

his wife of her parents he had said, in his own simple, straightforward, manly words: "My heart, hand, everything I do, and everything I may possess, will unquestionably be hers"; and to the very letter was this promise fulfilled. Not only whenever she asked him "Shall we buy this? Do you think we can afford that? May I lay out thus much money?" was his invariable answer—"It is as much yours as mine: use it as you think best"; not only did he treat their joint earnings in this strictly partnership style—but he was no less liberal with his sympathy for all her literary attempts. He took gleeful pride in the fact of her being the first and (as yet) only woman-editor of Shakespeare, and eagerly helped her with the Glossary for the edition she was engaged by Messrs. Appleton of New York to prepare for them. Besides this more serious employment, he took delight in playing the part of schoolmaster to her sister Clara's two daughters; giving them writing lessons, and teaching them to recite with due English pronunciation, in simple, unaffected style, Gay's Fables and other choice verse-compositions. A pleasant picture did the three make! The two little girls at the writing-table, with their young-old preceptor, and a box of English barley-sugar or Nice sweeties always beside them, as established portion of the lesson; or one of the fair sunny-haired children seated on his knee, repeating her "fable," smoothing his silver curls, and calling him her "dear

boy." When they grew older, and, inheriting much of their mother's supreme voice, became skilled in singing and playing, they repaid their "dear boy, uncle Charley," for his pleasant instruction, by giving him frequent treats of music; and, on one fine June morning, sister Clara and her two girls awakened him harmoniously, by singing beneath his bedroom window, at an early hour, Mendelssohn's enchanting unaccompanied trio, "Hearts feel that love thee," in honour of his wife's birthday.

Other recreations were enjoyed with all the old relish. Once he and his wife went out before the dawn, and walked up to the neighbouring height, Mont Buron, to see the sunrise; on another, they went an excursion to a farther-off hill, at the village of Utele, where there was a sanctuary which they visited at day-break. They took frequent afternoon walks together, when the day's writing was done; and sat on the rocks by the sea-side, or rested in some of the "campagnes" of the vicinage, reading over, rescanning and rejudging what they had just written, or even extended their rambles as far as Villa Franca Bay, or Cimier, or the "Vallon Obscur." So accustomed were the peasants and neighbours to see Charles and his wife pass, arm-in-arm, invariably together, that the current playful name for them was "Paul et Virginie"; and one good-natured old washerwoman—with whom Charles had picked up acquaintance according to his former wont of adopt-

ing street favourites for nodding to—used to wave her hand familiarly to him from the spot where she usually knelt among the shallows of the port, by a stream that ran into it, rubbing or wringing out her heaps of linen.

A never-relinquished pleasure of Charles's was the habit of beginning each day by reading out to his wife some short "good bit" from favourite authors; and no morning passed without one of Bacon's Essays (sister Sabilla used to say he liked Bacon *before* breakfast as well as bacon *at* breakfast), a sonnet of Shakespeare's or Wordsworth's, a page from Sir Thomas Browne, or Montaigne, or Fuller, or Jeremy Taylor. This latter author was a permanent favourite with him, for once, some years before, his wife had found him with the "Holy Living and Dying" before him, a glass of spring-water beside him, and a hunk of bread in his hand, reading and eating with a zest in his anchoritish repast that often afterwards made them laugh in the recollection.

To the Nice period of Charles's existence (in 1859) appertains a pleasant little tour in the South of France, taken by him, his wife, brother Alfred, and sister Sabilla; among the brightest incidents of which was a day spent at the Fountain of Vaucluse, by the side of which the four sat resting, while Charles read out to his companions Leigh Hunt's charming translation of Petrarch's poem.* In this

* "Petrarch's contemplations of death in the bower of Laura."

way he would often enhance the delights of an already delightful holiday.

Theatrical entertainment also still formed part of Charles's amusement, for he took great delight in seeing every performance of a certain excellent Piedmontese comic actor, named Toselli, who gave a series of pieces at the small Nice "Teatro Segurana"; while, in return, he afterwards found that Toselli had marked his beaming face of approval among his audience, and used, on returning home after acting, to tell his wife that he had played with extra spirit from seeing that his "*Inglese*" was in the house. This same Toselli and another comedian, called Pieri, were subsequently again favourites with Charles when he removed from Nice to Genoa, which removal took place in the autumn of 1861. The transference of Nice from Italian rule to French rule induced the family to think of carrying their *Lares* to another homestead; and the loss of their dear and honoured father, Vincent Novello, in this year, confirmed their resolution to do so. Writing to his sister on the subject of their removal, Charles—after ecstasising on the salubrity of the Genoese climate and beauty of the spot chosen for their residence—says: "So far therefore from having any cause to regret our leaving Nice as yet, we have every reason to rejoice in our having done so." And in the same letter he tells her: "I have not for years been in such steady health as I have been from the date of

my arrival here, and Molly makes the same report." Yet even from Nice he was able to write to his sister on the 15th December, 1859, this radiant sentence of gratitude for vouchsafed welfare: "Thank God, I have attained my seventy-second birthday, and in fine health; and with that prime blessing, the next, in bounteous magnitude—a wife of one-and-thirty years' standing, who is to me at once a daily bride, and a one-and-thirty years' friend."

So vital, so young in fresh-hearted fervour was he to his latest days, that he wrote again of his wife to his sister in 1864: "My soul seems daily more and more knit with hers . . . and I do not conceive how there can be a happier being in existence than your loving brother, Charles."

When so many discontented, unsatisfied—though, perhaps, professionally successful—lives are recorded in biographies, it is well to commemorate a life so replete with cheerfulness, enjoyment, and happiness as was Charles Cowden-Clarke's.

While in Genoa, his time was brightly filled with the interest of producing, in comradeship with his wife, their "Annotated Edition of Shakespeare," published by Messrs. Cassell & Co., who engaged them for the work; the one edited for Messrs. Bickers & Son, with chronological table of known facts in Shakespeare's life; their "Recollections of Writers," their "Shakespeare Key," and a new edition of their

“Many Happy Returns of the Day, a Birthday Book,” with additions and improvements.

As his writing hours were now more fully occupied than ever, he could not spare the one for early morning reading of some favourite page; but he rarely began a day without repeating, when he first awoke, either Milton’s Morning Hymn of Adam in Paradise (commencing—“These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good,” to “as now light dispels the dark”), or Pope’s “Universal Prayer,” or Longfellow’s “Psalm of Life,” or, to please his wife, his own beautiful “Hymn to God.”

His whole life was lived with purest devotion and gratitude to the Giver of all blessings, with earnest faith, with duteous acceptance of the Divine will, and with firm trust in the immortality of the soul.

His last days were worthy of his entire earthly existence; serene, sweet-tempered, grateful for smallest and simplest enjoyments. Even in his last illness, when his wife praised his patience, he said to her: “How can I be otherwise than patient with this good bed to lie upon, every remedy obtained and prepared for me, a kind, friendly, clever doctor, attached brother and sisters near me, a loving wife to nurse me?” More than one of his dearest and oldest friends came over from England to see him; chief among them, Alexander Ireland, a year or two before Charles quitted life, and Henry Littleton but a few weeks ere the final one.

His last birthday celebration was beautifully in keeping with his whole life—bright, cheery, and most happy. "Troops of friends" came to congratulate him and wish him joy; verses from his wife hailed the day; a festive table, on which was a huge cake lighted up by wax tapers—eight green for the decades and nine white for the years; some of his father-in-law's collected unaccompanied quartets, sung by his nephews and nieces; two generations of his girl-pupils—his wife's youngest sister, Sabilla, and her sister Clara's daughters, Portia and Valeria—beside his arm-chair; his little grand-niece, Beatrice, bringing her birthday present of many-coloured ribbons, knowing his fondness for a gay necktie, *all* of which were hung round his throat and shoulders *at once*, by his own desire, in rainbow-hued abundance; his own smiling face, effulgent with content amid the surrounding joyous ones, formed a picture never to be forgotten by those who were present.

The New Year saw him still quietly enjoying his wonted pursuits: reading the newspapers with his ever-ardent interest in politics, while his wife needle-worked close beside him; their sister Sabilla near him, on one occasion copying an etching from Correggio's exquisite "Flight into Egypt," on another, illustrating some fairy story which she knew "Charley" liked. It was characteristic of his perennial youthfulness that he was always called by the boyish name "Charley" in his own family circle.

On February 19, 1877, he took his last walk with his wife, pacing up and down the terrace beneath their windows talking placidly, and then enjoying a draught of pure water, with the old simple relish, on his return indoors.

Early in the following month he took cold. This was followed by complications that weakened him much and made him restless night and day; then ensued a gradual sinking, during which he was calmer, and calmer, until he lapsed into eternal rest. On the afternoon of March 13, 1877, with the spring sunshine falling blandly upon his bed, he lay with his eyes closed and a tranquil expression on his whole countenance. The last thing he tasted upon earth was from the hand he best loved; the last sound he heard upon earth was his wife's voice assuring him she was beside him and begging God bless him; the last look he gave her was a smile.

His simple grave, overgrown with roses, primroses, violets, and daisies, is in the cemetery of Staglieno, somewhat apart from the more crowded central space occupied by sculptured tombs and monuments, the quieter spot being a grassy enclosure, surrounded by green hills and gentle rural slopes. On the marble headstone are his name and his chosen crest—a branch of oak-leaves and acorns, with Algernon Sydney's motto beneath, "*Placidam sub libertate quietem*"; on the reverse are graven Charles's own "*Hic jacet*"

lines of devout cheerfulness—concluding with the words—

For I would cheerful quiet have ;
Or, no noise ruder than the linnet's wing,
Or brook gurgling.
In harmony I've lived—so let me die,
That while 'mid gentler sounds this shell doth lie,
The Spirit aloft may float in spherul harmony.



“Concordance to Shakspere”

ARE REQUESTED TO PRESERVE THEREIN THIS PAPER.



THE mode of spelling “Shakspere” was used, when printing my Concordance to the great poet’s plays, in deference to the wish of Mr. Charles Knight, its original publisher; otherwise I should have used the form [Shakespeare] which I have always adopted, because it was the one given in the First Folio Edition of his dramatic works by its superintenders and his brother-actors Heminge and Condell. The name is also given thus in the First Edition of his Sonnets; and it seems to have been the orthography used in print where his name was given during his lifetime. That as many as sixteen different modes of spelling the name have been found to have been used at the epoch when he wrote, and that he himself did not adhere to any particular one when signing his name, appears to be merely in accordance with a fashion of the time, which allowed of the utmost irregularity in the orthography of men’s names.

The above affords an explanation of the reason why my “Concordance to Shakespeare” bears on its title-page a form of orthography varying from the one which is given in our “Shakespeare Key” (which forms the companion volume to the Concordance) and all the other works upon this subject written by my beloved husband and myself.

MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.

VILLA NOVELLO, GENOA,

January, 1881.

WORKS

BY

CHARLES & MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.



CHARLES COWDEN-CLARKE.

Carmina Minima; a volume of Poems	...	...	...	...	1859
Shakespeare-Characters; chiefly those subordinate	...	...	...	...	1863
Molière-Characters	...	...	...	...	1865
Adam the Gardener; a Boy's Book	...	...	...	...	1834
Riches of Chaucer	...	...	...	...	1855
Tales from Chaucer	...	...	...	...	1833
Gentleness is Power; or the Story of Caranza and Aborzuf (in "The Analyst" Magazine)	...	...	...	...	1838
The Musician about Town (in "The Analyst" Magazine)	...	...	...	...	1838
Nyren's Cricketer's Guide	...	...	...	...	1833
Fifteen Essays on the Comic Writers of England (in "The Gentleman's Magazine")	...	...	...	...	1872
Four Essays on Shakespeare's Philosophers and Jesters (in "The Gentleman's Magazine")	...	...	...	...	1873
Essay on Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" (in "Temple Bar Magazine")	...	...	...	...	1872
Walks round London, No. I. (in "The Literary Pocket-Book")	...	...	...	...	1820
The Alps and Italy (in "The Manchester Examiner and Times")	...	...	...	...	1847
Jenny Lind in Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" (in ditto)	...	...	...	...	1847
Macready's Hamlet (in "The Manchester Courier")	...	...	...	...	1847
Articles on Fine Art (in "Atlas" newspaper) during several years after	...	...	...	...	1825
Two Letters on the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge (in "Atlas" newspaper)	...	...	...	...	1830
Notices of Theatres (in London "Examiner") during several years after	...	...	...	...	1828
Numerous Contributions in Leigh Hunt's "Tatler"	...	...	...	...	1830
Idem, Leigh Hunt's "London Journal"	...	...	...	...	1834
Prefatory Address (in "The Music-seller")	...	...	...	...	1840
Memoir of a Chorus-singer (in ditto)	...	...	...	...	1840
Eight Lectures on Shakespeare's Contrasted Characters.					
Four Lectures on the British Poets.					
Three Lectures on Poets of the Elizabethan Era.					
Three Lectures on Poets of Charles II. to Queen Anne.					
Four Lectures on Poets of the Guelphic Era.					
Three Lectures on Poetry of the Prose Writers.					

Four Lectures on the Four Great European Novelists: Boccaccio,
Cervantes, Le Sage, Richardson.
One Lecture on Ancient Ballads.
One Lecture on Sonnet Writers.
Four Lectures on the Schools of Painting in Italy.

CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.

The Shakespeare Key; unlocking the treasures of his Style, elucidating the peculiarities of his Construction, and displaying the beauties of his Expression, forming a Companion to "The Complete Concordance to Shakespeare"	1879
Edition of Shakespeare, copiously annotated, with Preface and Story of Shakespeare's Life	1869
Idem, with Preface, Glossary, and Chronological Table of Shakespeare's Life... ..	1864
Recollections of Writers	1878
Idyl of London Streets, and Sonnet on the Course of Time ...	1875
Many Happy Returns of the Day; a Birthday Book	1860

MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.

The Complete Concordance to Shakespeare	1845
The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines	1851
Idem, an abridged Edition	1879
Edition of Shakespeare, with Preface, Chronological Table of his Life, and Glossary... ..	1860
The Iron Cousin; or, Mutual Influence. A Novel	1854
A Rambling Story. A Novel	1874
The Trust, and the Remittance. Two Love Stories in verse ...	1873
Kit Bam's Adventures; or, The Yarns of an Old Mariner ...	1849
Mamillius's Story (in "The National Magazine")... ..	1857
World-noted Women	1857
The Life and Labours of Vincent Novello	1862
The Song of Drop o' Wather	1856
The Battle of Melazzo. Lines founded on an incident recounted by an Italian Volunteer in the Sicilian Band of Patriots under Garibaldi (in "The Athenæum")	1860
Six Sonnets on Godsend's (in "All the Year Round")	1860
Minnie's Musings; a story in verse (in "All the Year Round")...	1866
The Yule Log; a story in verse (in ditto)	1867
Time's Healing; stanzas (in ditto)	1868
An Italian Rain-Storm (in "The Atlantic Monthly Magazine")...	1866
A Biographical Sketch of William Shakespeare (in a Tercenary Edition of the Poet)	1864

Nine Shakespeare Studies of Woman (in "The Ladies' Companion")	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1864
Lawrence and Kemble's Hamlet; Shakespeare's Hamlet; the World's Hamlet (in "Sharpe's London Magazine")	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1848
Ten Essays on Shakespeare's Individuality in his Characters; his Simpletons; his Men of Intellect; his Fools, Jesters, or Clowns; his Soldiers; his Lovers (in "Sharpe's London Magazine")	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1851
Shakespeare Proverbs; or, The Wise Saws of our Wisest Poet collected into a Modern Instance	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1848
Six Essays on The Woman of the Writers: Chaucer, Spenser, Cervantes, Richardson (in "The Ladies' Companion")	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1853
Three Essays on Sympathy with Unknown People (in "The British Journal")	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1852
On Keeping Young (in "The British Journal")	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1852
The Order of Discontents (in ditto)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1852
The First Love (in "The Monthly Chronicle")	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1841
The Hawthorn Bough; or, the Philosophy of Cheerfulness (in "The People's Journal")	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1846
My Arm-chair; my Desk; my Pocket-book; my Home (in Hone's "Table-Book")	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1827
Inn-yards (in ditto)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1827
Sonnet on receiving a Lock of Mrs. Somerville's Hair (in "The Manchester Examiner and Times")	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1867
Unless; Making up my Mind; After all; And yet. Four Songs in imitation of Italian Stornelli (in "Temple Bar Magazine")	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1872
Asking. A Song (in "Temple Bar Magazine")	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1875
Be true to me, my Love. A Song (in "Temple Bar Magazine")	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1875
The Declaration. Stanzas (in "Temple Bar Magazine")	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1881
Written at Dawn, on the 23rd of April, 1869 (in "Robinson's Epitome of Literature")	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1879
Miss Kelly at the Manchester Athenæum (in "The Manchester Examiner and Times")	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1847
Music among the Poets and Poetical Writers (in "The Musical Times")	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1856
Festival of the Salzburg Mozart Institution (in "The Musical Times")	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1879
Music in Dresden (in ditto)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1879
Cherubini's Treatise on Counterpoint	} Translations	...	...	...	...	...	...	1854
Catel's Treatise on Harmony...								
Berlioz's Treatise on Instrumentation								

NOTE.—Some of the above publications have appeared in American as well as English editions, others appeared in now extinct magazines, and others are at present out of print.

Preston and G. H. Merwin, non-collegiate.

Morning Post *Feb 15/98*
We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Cowden-Clarke (Mary Novello), which occurred at her residence in Genoa on Wednesday, in her 89th year. She was the eldest of the eleven children of Vincent Novello, famous as a musician, and as the founder of the well-known music publishing business. Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's great work is the famous "Concordance to Shakespeare," which, in conjunction with her late husband, she completed after 16 years' unremitting labour. It was published in 1845. She was the friend of Lamb, Keats, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt. She was born in 1809, and was married in 1828 to Mr. Charles Cowden-Clarke, a littérateur and a contemporary of the famous writers named.

24
72

295

F. S. 12
Dupl





